

Daily Eagle

WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS OF A BRAVE AMERICAN GIRL IN ART.

Famous Women and Their Peculiarities. The Great "Man Milliner"—Useful Rules in the Care of the Sick and Children. Decorations—Hints About Housekeeping.

It is gratifying to know that in at least one branch of art we can successfully compete with foreign schools, and more than gratifying to be able to name a woman as one of the pioneers to whom the honors of this achievement are due.

Up to a very few years ago all stained glass windows worthy of being ranked among works of art were imported from abroad. Small country churches might indeed filter the sunlight for their sanctuaries through American conglomerates of color, but no cathedral or memorial chapel with wealth at its command would give room to the gaudy panes of our crude manufacture. Now this is all changed. Even Grace church in New York city, where nothing but the best, the very best, that man can devise and money buy is admissible, Miss Mary E. Tillinghast, an American, has a window, "Jacob's Ladder," which even the most critical concede to be equal to the finest foreign production in the edifice.

The placing of this particular window was intended by the Countess de Moltke and the Marchioness de Portes as a memorial to their parents. Miss Tillinghast was among those who sent in designs for it. The committee accepted her design after much reluctance to give so important an undertaking into the hands of an American and an American, but the beauty of the design compelled them. They then stipulated that at least it should be made of English glass. This Miss Tillinghast refused. She held that American glass, the manufacture of which had languished for years, was now equal to any produced abroad, and her patriotic determination carried the day. American glass is now conceded to be superior to the English.

Other triumphs had been hers. Mrs. D. P. Morgan gave her carte blanche for the decoration of her Washington home, now the Don Cameron house; Edward Field, son of Cyrus, did the same for his house in Gramercy park; Bell, of telephone fame, did the same, with her own hand, for La Fayette. She got the contract for decorating the Union League club and the Vanderbilt house, and Cornelius Vanderbilt paid her \$20,000 for inventing and making the new kind of tapestry which hangs in his home. The window in Grace church, therefore, was not her first triumph.

Her work for St. Mary's church in Orange is a memorial to Mrs. James T. Field by her husband. The motif is the annunciation. The heavenly messenger appears to Mary as she kneels at prayer. The figure of the archangel is in strong relief against a background of sky and distant hills, showing the porch and the temple. The figure of the Virgin is singularly graceful, and the draperies are exquisitely managed. The colors are rich and effective, yet so carefully chosen and so judiciously used that the chromatic disorders frequently seen in stained glass work. Above is a trefoil, filled with clouds and thronged with cherub faces, and below is a scroll, on which is inscribed the memorial scroll. The gradation of light is charmingly managed, bringing the Virgin and the messenger out as though sources themselves of the radiance which fills the scene. In drawing, composition and color it is strikingly beautiful and effective.

For a young woman who began art as a dilettante, and only took it up as a profession when reverses in the family fortunes compelled, these are notable achievements. It cannot be said, indeed, that Miss Tillinghast's schooling was American, for she studied for six years under the great Corot in Paris, but the rich, delicate and delicate touch, and the energy which have placed her fame and fortune where they are—these are American to a degree.—New York World.

Rosa Bonheur's Costumes.

Rosa Bonheur followed the most liberating of all callings—the artistic—and was born and bred out of society, into which she never cared to enter. In art one must follow inner lights and personal genius. A picture is a speculative investment; those speculating do not care whether the painter (if a woman) wears petticoats or trousers. All they look to is the quality of her work. Rosa Bonheur had to go to fairs to make studies for her cattle and to wander alone unaccompanied. Hence her color of the French artist's love, brown, and her hair, which she wore in a simple, straight, and straight-forward simplicity.—Women's World London.

Don'ts for the Sick Room.

A medical journal gives a list of don'ts for the sick room, among which the following are selected as essential: Don't have the temperature of a sick room much over sixty degrees. Don't give a patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he may drink it all if he desires. If he can drink the glass he will be satisfied; so regulate the quantity before presenting it. Don't turn the bed by hand or by machine. Don't throw the coal upon the fire. Place it in paper bags and lay them upon the fire, thus avoiding the noise, which is shocking to the sick. Don't allow offensive matters to remain in the room. When they cannot be at once removed, bring a heavy cloth, like Turkish towel, out of cold water, and use it as a cover, placing over it an ordinary paper. Don't appear anxious. Don't show your anxiety. Don't

Women in the Garden.

Why not? I have at least three personal acquaintances who owe much to old Dame Nature for renewed youth and new beauty of face and form gained by work in the garden. One is a lady of ample fortune, who loves her lawn, with its trees and vines and flowers as things of beauty. I doubt if the thought of health occurs to her, but the law of health is to all her friends. Another is a lovely little woman who has been in ill health for years. This season, moving to a new home, where her friends and acquaintances were scarce, sheer loneliness drove her to her garden. There the needs of the growing things appealed to her, and day by day her visits were repeated until at last all her morning hours were spent among them, planting, training, weeding, thinning and digging. The result is the renewal of health and strength unknown before for years, and new happiness and greater contentment. The third is a good woman whose sorrows seemed piled mountain high, though she lost by death within a few months her husband and child, and of property as well. Trained to no work as a girl, she seemed helpless. But her little garden demanded attention, and her very losses compelled her to work with her hands. Here, too, the soothing help of pure air, exercise and occupation worked its marvels in recovered health, contentment and a spirit of self-helpfulness.—Vick's Magazine.

A Good Natured Wife.

The old lady who never spoke ill of any one, and even intimated that Satan himself would some good people an example of perfect virtue, must have been a relative to the woman who lived in Sussex, England, in the days when the kettle was hung from the crane in an open fireplace. An English clergyman tells the story: A man, whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper, went over the way to a neighbor on evening work. "You are a good fellow," said the man, "I should like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross, no way." "You can't make your wife cross," said his neighbor. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you just do what I tell you, and that won't act nothing well. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest sticks you can get, then as you lay 'em in no form, and see how she makes out then." The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work, and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment. He was greeted with a smile and the gentle request: "You don't bring me in some more of those crooked sticks, if you can find them; they do just fit around the kettle so nicely."—Youth's Companion.

Something New and Wonderful.

I heard something this morning which was new and wonderful. It was not the song of the robin. Neither was it the sound of a

angel trumpet blown at sunrise across the sparkling world. It was no herald of good fortune announcing royal news. It was something better than any of these, and far more strange. It was the hoarse voice of a flesh and blood man singing the praises of his mother-in-law! In this flippant age when newspapers abound in poor jokes at the expense of womanhood consecrated by motherhood the sound of such speech struck wonder to my soul.

"There is no other woman on earth," said the man, "before whom I would kneel as before a heavenly shrine. She is the noblest and sweetest woman God ever made, save one, and that one is her daughter and my wife." Wasn't that speech worth recording in this year of our Lord, when men tire of their wives as they do of their hats and change them quite as often! To hear a middle-aged man with seven children talk like that about his wife and his wife's mother seemed to me the opening note in the millennium cadenza! I only hope he meant what he said:—"Amber" in Chicago Tribune.

Don'ts.

There are several "don'ts" which should be observed whenever two or more women are gathered together, but which, alas, are frequently disregarded. For instance, don't say to a friend, "How stout you are growing!" No lady likes to be told that she is growing or has grown stout. If it is a fact she is doubtless quite well aware of it, and anxious to keep others from discovering it. Don't say, "How thin you are!" either, for both women and men loathe to be told that they are either stout or thin. Unless you can say, "How well you are looking!" it is better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend. Don't tell a friend who has on a particularly becoming gown or blouse that she looks ten years younger in that than in anything you have ever seen her wear. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. That is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you probably have no such thought.—Dress.

Mrs. Villard's Romance.

Mrs. Henry Villard, wife of the remarkable financier, ex-president of the Northern Pacific, ex-king of Wall street, ex-bankrupt, the story of whose rise and fall and restoration makes one of the remarkable pages of American personal history, is the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Garrison used to say: "I love all my children, but especially Fanny." She had four brothers. One day the eldest, Wendell Phillips Garrison, brought home a young German, a newspaper writer. His name was Heinrich Heidegard. The moment he and Fanny met it was all over with them both—it was love at first sight. She did not hesitate because he was poor. Her father's house was a palace, but she had been very happy in it for all that, and she had been taught that love is more than riches. Mrs. Villard is now 45 years old. She is petite, with a well rounded figure and abundant gray hair and glorious dark eyes.—New York Star.

Keep an Account of Time.

It would be an interesting experiment for women if some of them would keep an account of time just for one week as they would keep a cash account. Perhaps they would be astonished to find how easily time, like money, is frittered away. Surely there are just as many hours in the day as there were when your grandmother, my dear Mrs. B., brought up her family of seven children, doing all their sewing and mending, as well as a considerable portion of the housework, yet she found time for an occasional afternoon with a neighbor or a friend, and for her correspondence, and didn't talk half as much about "not having any time" as you do.—Boston Beacon.

The Much Abused Mother-in-Law.

Novelists and dramatists have thrown much ridicule upon mother-in-law, but how unjustly we might leave it to sons-in-law to say, for as a rule there is no one person with whom a man is on better terms than with his wife's mother. He is to her as another son from the day when she first gives her willing consent to her daughter's marriage with him. She is intrinsically his best friend in prosperity or in adversity. She rejoices in all good that comes to him, and he turns to her for advice and help in moments of difficulty, and mothers-in-law do not attempt to usurp any kind of authority in the house of a son-in-law, as the exception far more than the rule.—London Quaker.

For Sore Throat.

When sore throats are prevalent there is a great deal of talk about the proper remedies for them. Chlorate of potash, which was for so long popular, has been decided by experts of the throat to be not only serious injury to the throat, but almost poison. A late remedy is perhaps the best on record, and it is a very simple one. A teaspoonful of alum and one tablespoonful of best French brandy, put in a half tumbler of water, or a half pint of water will modify it better. This gargle should be used several times during the day, and at night if the irritation or pain is troublesome. It will be found an invaluable throat corrective.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Troublesome Insects.

Cloth covered furniture which is in constant use will not be harmed, and the same may be said of cloth lined carriages. Where such furniture is stored away or kept unused in a dark room, or where the carriages are left in a dark coach house through the summer, at least two sprayings with benzine, say once in June and once about Aug. 1, will be advisable. Another plan which will act as a protection in such cases is to sponge the cloth linings and covers, on both sides where possible, with a dilute solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol made just strong enough not to leave a white mark on a black leather.—Good Housekeeping.

Silk vs. Kid.

The silk gloves grow prettier and prettier each season, says an observer, and the hand and wrist look better in them than in kid, because they fit as no kid glove can, but still they are not so much worn. The secret of this is that the kid glove really beautifies and softens the hand, to say nothing of protecting it from the sun and from any possible chill, while the silk glove allows both sun and air to work their wicked will on the skin beneath it.—New York Telegram.

Woman's Strong Love for White.

Upon entering the world it is her first robe. In a white gown she is brought to baptism. She wears her white and white and kneels for confirmation in spotless robes. She is married in white, and after that she lives over the white garment days of her youth in the robes she makes for her children, and when her task is ended she folds her white bands and lies down in a shroud as white as her soul.—Atlantic Constitution.

The Egg in Handwashing.

A correspondent writes in regard to taking care of the hair: "Experience has taught me that it is best to keep all oils or grease from the hair. Don't let barbers oil it. I find wetting with water best. At least once a week rub the yolk of an egg, or half of it, well into the hair and scalp, and rinse off thoroughly with tepid water. It will promote growth and color, probably largely due to the sulphur in the egg. This course has started a new growth of hair with me, not very thick, but better than none at all."

Sensible Advice.

City Niece in tears—Oh, aunt, I'm in the greatest affliction! Country Aunt—What's up? City Niece—Oh, I wish I could express myself!

Country Aunt—Gosh! you city girls beat me! What do you want to express yourself for? Take a train if you want to go anywhere.

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or cleaning house with ordinary soap is like rolling a heavy stone up hill; it takes main strength and a good deal of it. The same work done with Pearline is like rolling the stone down hill—it's easy; quick; true; goes right to the mark; and with very little labor. All dirt must go before PEARLINE. It robs woman's hardest work of its drudgery—(a praiseworthy theft, by the way). The question is—does it or does it not hurt the hands, clothes or paint? We tell you it don't—but we are interested (as well as you)—so ask your friends who use it; you'll find most of them do; the annual consumption is equal to about three packages a year for every family in the land. But better yet—get a package (it costs but a few pennies, and every grocer keeps it), and try it for yourself—your gain will be larger than ours.

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